

"The Simpsons: Public D'oh-Main"

by

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CHALKBOARD GAG: I DON'T REALLY LIVE IN A GANGSTER'S PARADISE.

COUCH GAG: A SAUSAGE DISPENSER lowers and fills natural sausage casings in the shape of each Simpson in the usual order. When it gets to Homer, it fills too much and the casing rips. The meat filling flops to the floor where Santa's Little Helper immediately takes advantage of the meal on the floor. The other Simpson sausages scoot away, fearful they are next.

ACT 1

INT. SIMPSON'S HOME - FRONT ROOM - DAY

HOMER and BART are on the COUCH watching the TV.

A MCBAIN MOVIE is playing.

McBain is holding a TICKING TIME BOMB. The timer reads "00:15" and is dramatically counting down. McBain is at the edge of a bridge.

CUT TO:

A DERANGED COLUMBIAN is driving a SEMI-TRUCK towards McBain. The back of the SEMI-TRUCK reads "Toxico! Columbia's #1 Toxic Chemical Supplier"; underneath, in smaller font, it reads "Inquire about our student discounts".

McBain sees a small BOAT coming his way in the water below.

DERANGED COLUMBIAN

This time... the bell toll's for you...
McBain!

MCBAIN

The *truck* stops here!

McBain pulls out a BOW AND ARROW and shoves the ARROW through the TIME-BOMB and aims it at the approaching SEMI-TRUCK. The TIME-BOMB is counting down from "00:05".

McBain shoots the TIME-BOMB ARROW at the SEMI-TRUCK. It shoots through the windshield and sticks in the seat right next to the Deranged Columbian's face.

The Deranged Columbian glances at the bomb. It counts to zero.

DERANGED COLUMBIAN

McBaaaaain!!

McBain jumps off the bridge in slow motion as the SEMI-TRUCK drives by in the background, EXPLODING.

McBain lands safely on the SMALL BOAT. He glances back up at the EXPLOSION.

MCBAIN

File that load under... blown.

TWO BIKINI-CLAD WOMEN come up from the hull of the SMALL BOAT, which logically wouldn't have a hull, and throw themselves onto McBain.

BIKINI CLAD WOMAN #1

Oh, McBaaain! Our heeerooo!

McBain and TWO BIKINI-CLAD WOMEN LAUGH.

"THE END" explodes onto the screen.

INT. SIMPSON'S HOME - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Bart and Homer on the COUCH.

HOMER

Wow, another classic McBain movie. I wonder how they've kept the movies going so long without them getting boring?

BART

They get new writers for each movie.

HOMER

Hmm. Makes sense. I guess something that's been around that long *should* get new writers whenever it can.

MARGE enters.

MARGE

Is that awful movie over yet?

HOMER

What's the matter, honey? You used to love these movies!

MARGE

Yes, but with all the violence in the real world these days, why would I want to watch it in movies too?

HOMER

(Flustered grunts) Oh, I don't know, maybe because this movie's in *high definition*.

MARGE

So?

HOMER

So!?! It's more violent than the real world! Every time someone dies, it's like you're really there... even when you're not.

MARGE

Well I think twelve McBain movies is enough for one day! We should all go out to the mall for some quality time together.

HOMER

(annoyed grunt) Quality time... that's what weddings and funerals are for.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

The entire Simpson family is in the CAR.

Homer is SPEEDING, and is clearly irritated by the other DRIVERS on the road.

MARGE

Homer! Slow down!

HOMER

It's okay... flow of traffic!

EXT. HOMER'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Homer is cutting in and out of lanes without signaling.

CLOSE ON:

The SPEEDOMETER'S NEEDLE is maxing out at 95MPH.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Marge is eyeing the SPEEDOMETER.

MARGE

Homer! Be careful! you're not even signaling! That's extremely unsafe!

CUT TO:

Homer is holding a CELL PHONE to his ear with one hand and DRINKING A COFFEE with the other. He is STEERING with his ELBOW.

HOMER

(into cell phone) Hang on a minute,
Lenny. (to Marge) Sorry, honey!

Homer LEANS in with his other elbow and clicks the lever to signal.

INT. GIL'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Gil has a smile on his face; excited about something.

GIL

Oh-boy-oh-boy! Today's the day! Ol' Gil and his wife are gonna have themselves their first child! Been tryin' for years!

Gil looks at his WATCH.

GIL

Oh no! Gotta hurry! She went into labor over an hour ago!

P.O.V. -- GIL

Homer's CAR, signaling, cuts into the lane, but hits Gil's car.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Gil's CAR goes off the road.

P.O.V. -- GIL

Gil's CAR is heading off the road towards BIG YELLOW BARRELS that are sometimes seen on the side of freeways.

ANGLE ON:

Labels on the back of the BIG YELLOW BARRELS read "CAUTION: EXPLOSIVE".

INT. HOMER'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

In Homer's rearview mirror, an EXPLOSION is seen.

EXT. CAPITAL CITY MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Homer's car PARKS.

INT. CAPITAL CITY MALL - DAY

The Simpson's are walking through the mall. Marge is holding MAGGIE.

BART

Welp! It's been fun and all, but the arcade upstairs is just *calling* my name.

Bart takes off.

LISA

Yeah, and the pages of the new Al Gore book are just dying to be read by *someone* who will listen.

MARGE

All right, but meet us back here in an hour!

Lisa takes off.

Homer and Marge continue into the MALL together.

HOMER

(sighs) Can we just go home now?

MARGE

We just got here!

HOMER

Yeah, but I'm tired... I'm bored... et-cetera...

MARGE

No! Besides, the kids just went off on their own.

HOMER

They know the way home...

MARGE

(groans)

A SALESWOMAN pops in front of Marge and Homer, stopping them in their tracks, holding a piece of "SupperWare".

SALESWOMAN

Why hello there, ma'am. Are you interested in learning about our fantastic "SupperWare".

The Saleswoman waves her hand in the direction of her KIOSK.

A fancy SUPPERWARE KIOSK is setup with a sign that reads "SupperWare: Preserving What Your Family Didn't Want to Eat Since 2001".

MARGE

Hmm. SupperWare? What is it?

SALESWOMAN

You mean you've never heard of it?

MARGE

I'm afraid I haven't.

HOMER

(appalled) Marge!

SALESWOMAN

It's only the top brand in food preservation.

MARGE

Hmm. Sounds interesting, doesn't it Homie?

Marge turns around to look at Homer, but he is gone. Marge GROANS.

MARGE

I guess I would love to hear more.

INT. MALL - DAY

Homer is walking through the MALL.

HOMER

I hate "quality time" with the family. I always end up by myself anyway. Can't even buy anything in this mall... so damned expensive... if I wasn't on my second strike I'd--

SHADY SALESMAN (O.S)

Sounds like you have some money problems!

HOMER

Huh?

Homer turns around to see the SHADY SALESMAN; PARKER C. GEORGE. He is in an early 1900's SUIT, TWIRLING his MUSTACHE with one hand and leaning on his CANE with the other.

He stands next to a CARDBOARD KIOSK. An opening has been cut in the side of it and a front window has been cut in the front. A WALKMAN is taped to it with each HEADPHONE stretched to separate sides of it, blasting (as loud as possible) "DON'T STOP" by Fleetwood Mac.

Nothing is written on the CARDBOARD KIOSK at all.

HOMER

Hey, your kiosk doesn't say anything. What are you selling? It's not that "SupperWare" crap is it?

PARKER C. GEORGE

Why no sir, it most certainly is not. I can assure you! What I'm "selling" is not an object of any kind. What I'm "selling" is... money itself!

Homer stares BLANKLY for a moment.

HOMER

Go on...

Parker C. George is shocked that Homer is still interested. He fumbles a bit because it is obvious no one has ever gotten this far into his pitch.

PARKER C. GEORGE

I, uh, well... how would you sir like to be independently wealthy?

HOMER

(gasp) It's one of my life long dreams!

PARKER C. GEORGE

Good, good! Then you've come to the right place! I've got a long list of places that are available, right here in this fine state, that I'm just *giving away* for people like you to sell!

HOMER

Any of these places in Springfield?

PARKER C. GEORGE

Springfuld? Why... uh... yes! Let me just step into my office and pull that file for you!

Parker C. George walks into the CARDBOARD KIOSK and pulls out a TRAPPER KEEPR style folder with all sorts of random PAPERS in it.

He searches through for a moment and finds one that reads "SPRINGFIELD" at the top.

He exits the CARDBOARD KIOSK and hands Homer the piece of paper.

HOMER

Okay? What do I do with this?

PARKER C. GEORGE

Well, you see, what you have there is a list of all *kinds* of places those fat cats in Washington don't want to tell you that *you*, the American tax payer, have a *right* to sell to other people! Bridges, streets, fields, and other things! All kinds of *public* property!

HOMER

I'm part of the public! Hmm, I never knew that's what it meant!

PARKER C. GEORGE

Exactly! Not many do! I just need you to sign a paper stating that when you sell any of the places on that list, that I get teee--

Homer is clearly buying every word Parker C. George is saying, and Parker C. George notices this.

PARKER C. GEORGE
--eewenty... percent of the profits.
It's a standard fee.

HOMER
I see. Makes sense.

PARKER C. GEORGE
So if you could just step over here
and--

Suddenly, a SWAT TEAM BURSTS through the roof of the mall and repels down, landing right near Homer and Parker C. George; GUNS DRAWN.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Parker C. George! You're under arrest
for fraud!

PARKER C. GEORGE
No! You're under arrest for trespassing
on private property! I own this mall!

SWAT TEAM LEADER
(to other SWAT member) Is that true?

The other SWAT member shakes his head "no".

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Nice try, buddy, but you're comin' with
us!

The SWAT TEAM LEADER HANDCUFFS Parker C. George; then they begin to escort him away.

PARKER C. GEORGE
(to Homer) Do the right thing! Use the
twenty-five percent for my bail!

HOMER
I thought you said "twenty"?

PARKER C. GEORGE
I meant twenty-fiiive...

His final words fade as he is escorted out of range.

INT. MALL - ARCADE - DAY

Bart is playing a game called "18 WHEELS OF FEAR". It is a DRIVING SIMULATION arcade game.

On the SCREEN is all kinds of mayhem such as CARS being CRUSHED, CARS being ran off the ROAD, and innocent PEDESTRIANS WALKING in CROSSWALKS, but Bart is not stopping for any of them.

BART

Wow, now I know what it's like to be dad!

The POINTS for the game are in the TOP RIGHT CORNER and are crawling up and up and up.

Just then he crashes through a POLICE ROAD BLOCK and the screen is riddled with BLOODY BULLET HOLES. "YOU ARE DEAD" flashes on the screen for a moment, followed by "NEW HIGH SCORE! PLEASE ENTER NAME".

Bart enters his name as KING B.

A list of HIGH SCORES pop up:

1. King B
2. King Larry
3. Poo
4. Ass
5. Thrillho

SIRENS sound as a CROWD gathers. Milhouse is among them.

MILHOUSE

Wow, Bart! You beat the all time high score! The last one was held by--

KING LARRY (O.S)

Me!

PAN TO:

A kid, KING LARRY, is standing there, looking ticked off.

The crowd GASPS.

King Larry gets right in Bart's face.

KING LARRY
You have taken my throne, kid! Who do
you think you are?

BART
I'm King B, as you can clearly see on
the screen.

KING LARRY
Yeah, well I'm King Larry from Shelby-
ville.

BART
... and I'm King B from Springfield.

KING LARRY
Springfield?!

Larry grabs Bart by the SHIRT and is about to PUNCH him in the
face, when Marge, Homer and Lisa show up.

MARGE
Come on, Bart, it's time to go home.
Say goodbye to your little friends.

Marge GRABS Bart by the collar and DRAGS him away.

King Larry SQUINTS MENACINGLY as he watches Bart get DRAGGED
away.

KING LARRY
This isn't over Springfield... not by a
long-shot!

ACT 2

INT. HOMER'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

They pass by where Gil CRASHED; an AMBULANCE is there now, and
two PARAMEDICS are getting Gil into the back, on a GURNEY.

PARAMEDIC
Sir, please remain calm, you're lucky
to even be alive!

GIL
But I gotta--

PARAMEDIC

Sir, please! You need medical attention!

GIL

But... my daughter... my daughter...

They get him in the AMBULANCE and shut the doors.

INT. SIMPSON'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family is gathered around the table, eating dinner.

HOMER

So, I was at the mall with your mother today--

BART

We know, dad. We were *all* there...

HOMER

Mmm, I don't think so. Anyway, after your mother selfishly left me to go look at some SupperWare thing--

MARGE

Left you!?

HOMER

--I met this interesting fellow who told me about all kinds of property right here in Springfield that I could sell to people because I'm a tax payer! It's all public property, and since I'm part of the public, it's my right as an American to sell it to others! Thus making it... *private* property!

BART

You gonna do it, Home-boy?

HOMER

Oh yeah! I mean, look at these prices!

Homer pulls out the list he was given and SMACKS it.

HOMER

All in the high thousands! We'll be rich in no time!

MARGE

(groans) I don't know, Homer. Are you sure this is legal?

HOMER

Of course it is! The guy had a kiosk! I didn't ask you if your fly-by-night "SupperWare" was legal, did I?

BART

He's got ya' there, mom.

LISA

Dad! You can't sell things that you don't own! That's not at all what "public property" means!

Homer stares at Lisa for a moment; blankly.

LISA

You don't own the public property around Springfield!

Homer continues staring at Lisa; blankly.

LISA

DAD!!

HOMER

Lisa, go to your room!

Suddenly, a BRICK SMASHES through the back WINDOW and hits Bart in the back of the head.

BART

Ow! What the...?

Bart looks out the window just in time to see a few SHADOWY FIGURES ON BIKES SNICKER and RIDE AWAY.

MARGE

Oh, my! Honey, are you okay?

BART

Yeah I'm fine...

LISA

What is it?

Bart picks up the BRICK; a NOTE is attached. He takes the NOTE off and begins to read it.

HOMER

Looks like our boy has a secret admirer!

P.O.V -- BART

The NOTE reads:

"When you want to attach your name to a world record... when you want your name written into history... you have to pay the price!

-King Larry of Shelbyville"

Bart CRUMPLES the NOTE in anger.

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

The usual patrons are at the BAR; including BARNEY, LENNY, and CARL.

LENNY

Wow, so you've got the complete list of places in Springfield we can buy?

HOMER

That's right! Looking for anything specific?

MOE

Well I've been lookin' for a dark... outta-the-way alley type place. Got anything like that?

HOMER

Well, I don't have anything like that... but I do have an unlit, *secluded* alley not too far from here.

MOE

Hmm... I guess that'd do!

CARL

Hey, Moe... what do you need an alley for?

MOE

For my late-night taxi service. Need a place to park my taxi... somewhere... not by da' bar.

HOMER

I didn't know you had a taxi service. How come you've never offered to drive any of us home after you close? You just make us drive outta here drunk.

MOE

There's a lot about me you don't know! I ain't no... pretty teenage girl! Always givin' you status updates on my daily wheelings and dealings! Now how much for da' alleyway!?

HOMER

Says here... hmm... two-thousand dollars! But I'll give it to you if you just get rid of my bar tab...

MOE

Deal!

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT (LATER)

Moe is NAILING an "OUT OF BUSINESS" SIGN to the DOOR. He SIGHS.

MOE

Who knew one guys minimum payments was keepin' me open? Oh well...

Moe gets into his TAXI CAB that is parked in front of the bar. It says "JOE'S TAXI" but the "J" painted over an "M".

Moe turns on his IN SERVICE light and a WOMAN immediately gets in.

Moe DRIVES off.

INT. MOE'S CAB - DRIVING - NIGHT

MOE

Where to lady?

WOMAN

To the airport, please.

MOE

Huh, dat's funny, you know? You're da third pregnant woman I've taken to da airport tonight.

WOMAN

But... I'm not pregnant?

MOE

Yeah, and we're ain't to da' airport yet, neither. Heh heh heh.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Moe's TAXI CAB turns into an alleyway that has a SIGN outside that says JOE'S ALLEY, with the "J" covering an "M".

INT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - DAY

Bart and Milhouse are in the room. Bart is on the PHONE, waiting for someone to answer.

KING LARRY'S ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, you've reached King Larry. I'm probably chump-a-tizing some noob at a game of his or her choosing. So leave a challenge if you're prepared for losing!

BEEP.

BART

Hey *King* Larry, this is Bart Simpson from Springfield. You know, the kid who beat your high score in "18 Wheels of Fear"? Loser! Anyway, I didn't appreciate that brick through my window, man, so I'd like to challenge you to a public rematch! That's right! A *public* rematch! And this time it wont be at no rinky-dink mall! I challenge you to play at... Soft Pun Arcade! The only arcade where scores matter. Be there this Saturday at noon, and we'll see who the real King is! King... *fairy!*

Bart LAUGHS a bit into the PHONE before hanging up.

MILHOUSE

I dunno, Bart... I looked into this King Larry kid, and he's got the top scores in a bunch of different games! King Bong, Human Centipede, Super Barrio Brothers, Dinner Rush, and Mary Kate and Ashley's Cocaine Cowgirls! And up until the other day... "18 Wheels of Fear".

BART

None of that matters! You'll see. This Saturday, I'm gonna get my name and picture on the Soft Pun website, for all in cyberspace to see... and comment crudely on!

MILHOUSE

Last time I put my face on the internet, I was swamped with fan mail for Josh Saviano. What? Do they think he never aged??

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

MAYOR QUIMBY is at the PODIUM. Most of the city has filled the seats.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Then it's settled... it will now only be a misdemeanor to shoot any kind of game from a moving vehicle... er-uh unless it is a whale.

Mayor Quimby SLAMS his GAVEL against the PODIUM.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Now, onto our next order of business. Should we charge a tax on any person, or persons, having a er-uh, puppet show, or including wire dancing and/or tumbling in their acts...

KRUSTY THE KLOWN shoots up from his SEAT.

KRUSTY THE KLOWN

God no! I'd be ruined! I already have to pay taxes allowing Mr. Teeny to be able to mate within 1500 feet of the studio! He has fans too you know!?

Suddenly, CLETUS bursts into City Hall wearing a SOUP CANNED TOP HAT.

CLETUS

Enough about your per-miss-que-uss monkey!

Cletus holds up a BILL OF SALE.

CLETUS

Mister Mayor, I have here uh Bill-O-Reilly which states I own this here City Hall now! So I need ya'll to vay-cate this here premise right'n now. COME ON IN BOYS!

A bunch of HICKS rush in and immediately turn the City Hall into a backwoods hootenanny.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Let me see that!

Cletus hands Mayor Quimby the Bill of Sale; he looks over it.

MAYOR QUIMBY

You idiot! This is completely fraudulent! You can't *sell* City Hall! Or any government owned buildings for that matter! Take your backwoods hootenanny and get out! Whoever sold you this place is in a heap of trouble...

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Homer is resting in his HAMMOCK, talking on a CELL PHONE.

HOMER

Sure Senator, I can sell you that public bathroom off Route 707. (pause) Sure, you can drill holes where you want in there once the check clears. (pause) No. Thank you.

Homer hangs up. Lisa walks over.

LISA

Dad, I'm really worried about your latest... um... "business".

HOMER

Why's that, honey?

LISA

Because it's highly illegal!

HOMER

Pff, if it's so "illegal", then why did I just have a US Senator take part in it?

LISA

Dad! Public property does not mean it is available for the "public" to sell. It means it's dedicated to the use of the public. It's a subset of state property that's held in trust by the government for a common benefit for people like you or I. It's not like you can sell things like roads, or parks, or libraries just because they're called "public"!

HOMER

The library! Of course! I didn't even think of that because it isn't on my list! Thanks sweetie!

Homer gets up from his HAMMOCK and rushes away. Lisa GROANS.

ACT 3

EXT. SOFT PUN ARCADE - DAY

INT. SOFT PUN ARCADE - DAY

Bart is waiting by the game "18 Wheels of Fear", surrounded by a crowd of KIDS. Bart looks at his WATCH. It reads "12:48".

BART

He's not going to show, is he?

MILHOUSE

I don't think so. Look at all these people who came, too! Not even Helen of Troy had this much attention!

BART

I knew he wouldn't have the guts to show up. He knows he can't beat my score. No one can!

Suddenly, a MESSENGER PIGEON, struggling to fly because it's carrying a VHS TAPE labeled "Play Me" flies to Bart and gives him the TAPE. As it flies away, it POOPS on Milhouse's head. Milhouse GROANS.

BART

What's this?

Bart looks around and sees an ARCADE REFEREE.

BART

Hey Ref!

The Referee comes over.

ARCADE REFEREE

What?

BART

I just got this take that says "Play Me". You got something that plays this... whatever this is?

ARCADE REFEREE

VHS?

BART

Sure, sure, whatever Grandpa, can you play it or not?

ARCADE REFEREE

(sighs) Sure, right over there.

The Arcade Referee points to a TINY STANDARD DEFINITION TV with an ENORMOUS VHS PLAYER attached to it. A sign above the set reads VHS PLAYER (FOR THOSE CLINGING TO THE PAST).

Bart walks over to the TV; the crowd following. He puts the VHS in and presses "PLAY". The video begins...

King Larry is on the screen.

KING LARRY

Hello *Fart* Simpson! (laughs) I got your message, and boy did it make me laugh! Sure, you beat my score, but I got that score yeeaarrrss ago, so I'm not surprised someone finally beat it! I'm just surprised it took this long! Well, I happen to have a copy of that game in my garage, and well, beat this score chuuummmmm.....p!

The video CUTS TO a full screen presentation of "18 Wheels of Fear" gameplay.

MONTAGE:

1. Gameplay for "18 Wheels of Fear"
2. The crowd watching at Soft Pun Arcade
3. The score going up

Eventually the screen says "YOU ARE DEAD" with the high score reading 26,082,786.

The Arcade Referee comes over and looks at the screen and score and BLOWS his WHISTLE.

ARCADE REFEREE

We have a new high score, and new champion for "18 Wheels of Fear"... King Larry!

The crowd begins to chant "Larry".

Larry appears back on the screen.

KING LARRY

Beat that! ... loser!

He LAUGHS maniacally.

LARRY'S MOM (O.S)

Larry, honey! Come help me with your sister's dirty diaper!

King Larry FREEZES. The video ends.

BART

That's not fair! He didn't even show up! He just sent a tape!

ARCADE REFEREE

It shows the score! It's official!

BART

But your website says "Live Challenges Only".

ARCADE REFEREE

No, no... it says *live* challenges only, not *live*. It's our slogan, not our rule!

BART

Fine! Then I'll just have to beat his score right here, right now!

Bart pushes through the crowd and hops into the seat of "18 Wheels of Fear" and drops a quarter into the machine. The game starts.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Homer is walking away from the LIBRARY with a WAD OF CASH.

HOMER

Another successful sale! Heh, stupid Lisa. If she thinks I'm spending any of this money on that surgery she needs, then she can just forget it!

THREE POLICE CARS surround Homer; LIGHTS and SIRENS blazing. CHIEF WIGGUM, LOU, and EDDIE each get out of their own car and draw their GUNS; aim them at Homer.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Freeze, Homer Jay "Ponzi"!

HOMER

(flattered) Fonzi?

CHIEF WIGGUM

No. Ponzi... like... from the Ponzi scheme?

Homer looks at Chief Wiggum, blankly.

CHIEF WIGGUM

(sighs) How come people never get my references to criminals?

LOU

Uh, maybe because all your references pre-date the 60's?

CHIEF WIGGUM

Shut up Lou. (to Homer) Homer Simpson, you're under arrest for fraud! (to Lou) Book 'im Lou!

LOU

"Shut up Lou", "book 'im Lou", do you even do anything besides bark orders?

CHIEF WIGGUM

No! That's how I got to be Chief.

Lou HANDCUFFS Homer.

EXT. SOFT PUN ARCADE - DAY

INT. SOFT PUN ARCADE - DAY

Bart's EYES are wide open and BLOODSHOT. Milhouse drops EYE DROPS into Bart's EYES so he doesn't have to blink.

The score is at 24,999,998. It rolls over to 25,000,000, but then he CRASHES. "YOU ARE DEAD" pops up on the screen. Bart's jaw DROPS. The crowd's jaw's all DROP.

MILHOUSE

Well at least you're the top player here!

BART

Yeah, I guess...

The crowd disburses, muttering various things.

Bart finally BLINKS. It makes a CRACKLING sound. He sighs.

BART

Let's go home, Milhouse...

MILHOUSE

Can I buy you an Orange Julius?

BART

Please... I've suffered enough.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

An empty JAIL CELL is next to one that is holding Parker C. George.

Chief Wiggum escorts Homer into the empty JAIL CELL and locks it up.

HOMER

Ah, come on chief! All I did was sell people things that weren't for sale for large sums of money! Is that so wrong?! Isn't there something in the constitution that protects me?! There always is!

CHIEF WIGGUM

Not this time Homer Jay *Russel*!

Lou enters.

LOU

Only kind of works. While Steven Jay Russel was in fact a con man, his cons weren't similar to Mr. Simpson's.

CHIEF WIGGUM

Shut up Lou.

LOU

You saw the movie! Come on! Jim Carrey!? Ewan McGregor!?

CHIEF WIGGUM

I said "shut up Lou"!

Chief Wiggum leaves the cell block. Lou follows, grumbling something under his breath.

Homer notices Parker C. George.

HOMER

You! You didn't tell me waht you were doing was illegal! You a kiosk! A *ki-
osk!!*

PARKER C. GEORGE
 Legal... illegal... such a fine line
 these days.

HOMER
 What!? No it's not! It's very clear!

PARKER C. GEORGE
 Perhaps...

Homer SIGHS.

PARKER C. GEORGE
 You better settle in friend. We're go-
 ing to be here a looong time... un-
 less...

HOMER
 Unless what?

PARKER C. GEORGE
 Oh, no, no... nothing, nothing...

HOMER
 No, no! Unless what? What?!

PARKER C. GEORGE
 It's just... if you pay my bail, I have
 a very good friend who can help us both
 get out of this mess come the trial.

HOMER
 Who?

PARKER C. GEORGE
 His name is not important! What *is* im-
 portant is that he exists!

HOMER
 (sigh) Fiiine. He'll be able to help
both of us, right?

PARKER C. GEORGE
 Oh yes, yes, definitely!

HOMER
 Well, okay...

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Parker C. George is walking away from the station.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Homer is watching Parker C. George leave.

HOMER

All right, well I'll be here then! Just let me know when your friend can come get me out and help us at the trial!

PARKER C. GEORGE

Well you see...

Parker C. George runs to a nearby PRIVATE PLANE parked across the way and gets in. It immediately takes off and flies away.

Homer watches it fly away.

HOMER

Oh I see, going via plane. That's smart! It's quicker to get to your friend that way! I look forward to seeing you both soon! I'll be right here, I guess!

Parker C. George's LAUGHTER can be heard from the PRIVATE PLANE.

A DUCK flies by and gets stuck in the PRIVATE PLANE'S PROPELLERS. The PRIVATE PLANE goes down and EXPLODES.

HOMER

D'oh!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bart is lying on his BED, TOSSING a BALL in the air. Lisa enters.

LISA

Where have you been all day?

BART

(sigh) Just losing at the one thing I thought I was best at.

LISA

Oh yeah?

BART

Yeah. I don't get it Lis'. Why would you throw a brick through someone's window if you didn't want to fight?

LISA

I don't know...

Suddenly, a BRICK crashes through Bart's window.

BART

What the!?

Bart picks it up; there is a NOTE attached.

LISA

What does it say?

BART

(reading note) Bart. Good game today. You're always *my* number one. Milhouse.

LISA

Well, there's your answer.

BART

What? The kid had a crush on me? Like Milhouse?

LISA

Not necessarily... just that a brick through a window doesn't always mean a fight.

BART

I just really though I had him, you know?

LISA

This is a war universe, Bart. War all the time. There maybe other universes, but ours seems to be based on war and games.

Lisa exits.

BART

What does that even mean!?

CUT TO:

BLACK

TITLE: BART SIMPSON'S LIVE SCORE OF 25,000,000 POINTS HAS YET TO BE BEATEN PUBLICLY.

TITLE: HE STILL PLAYS AT CAPITAL CITY MALL.

TITLE: KING LARRY'S TAPED SCORE OF 26,082,786 WAS SUBMITTED TO GUINNESS 2013.

TITLE: BUT...

INT. CAPITAL CITY MALL - ARCADE - DAY

Bart is playing "18 Wheels of Fear" and the score is going up and up and up.

It reaches 26,326,355 before he CRASHES.

TITLE: ON (AIR DATE) BART SIMPSON BEAT KING LARRY'S RECORD AND SET A NEW WORLD RECORD FOR "18 WHEELS OF FEAR".

Bart jumps off the machine and starts to dance, but immediately goes into a SEIZURE.

END